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HECTOR WARNED OF DANGER BY MAAZULLA.

THE INDIAN NABOB:

OR, A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

CHAPTER II.—HECTOR DARE SEES THE LAST OF A FORMER ACQUAINTANCE.

Soon after sunset, Maazulla returned to the
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pariah's hut, and his countenance bore marks of perturbation.

"How now, moonshee?" and, as I spoke, I raised myself on my couch.

B B

"Sahib, we must flee speedily; but h! where is the heathen?"

"You mean our host? Gone down to the river, I believe, to wash himself."

"Yah Hyder! Yes, and it may be to betray us also. Unhappy that we were to enter rashly into the tiger's den!" said Maazulla.

Hector. I do not understand you, Maazulla. You know this man of old, and you deemed him—pariah though he is—to be worthy of trust.

Maazulla. Ah! but I knew not then how great the danger, and the temptation to betray. Listen, Sahib! it is but three days ago that a foolish soldier of the English, who had escaped the horrors of the Black Hole by hiding himself among the natives, madly inflamed himself with the forbidden juice, and then, in his insane fury, slew one of Surajah Dowlah's garrison. In consequence of that act, a ban has been proclaimed against any remaining English who may yet be concealed in Calcutta, ordering them to depart instantly, on pain of death; also against all natives who shall harbour one of the proscribed race; while a reward is offered for each one who shall be delivered up.

Hector. I see not how this concerns me, Maazulla. Thanks to your skill and contrivance, I might pass through the army of Surajah Dowlah himself, and none should suspect me of being an Englishman.

Maazulla. And therefore were we foolish to let this heathen host of ours into the secret. Yet I think not that he will betray us. There is another danger, however: it is forbidden to any natives to leave the bounds of Calcutta without permission from Monieckhund, especially towards Fulta, either by land or by river.

Hector. Fulta! what of Fulta?

Maazulla. All the English vessels, which we were told were anchored off Govindpore, have departed to Fulta.

Hector. This is cold news, Maazulla. We are then caught as it were in a trap. What do you advise?

Maazulla. Listen again, Sahib. I have secured means of retreat: a dhingy will await us at Govindpore; the night will be dark; and—

Hector. Stay, Maazulla. Has it come to your knowledge that any English yet remain in Calcutta?

Maazulla. Sahib, no: save the unhappy soldier who is yet a prisoner in the Fort. It may be, however, that in the huts at Govindpore are concealed some who have not yet regained strength to escape to their countrymen.

Hector. Enough; we will to Govindpore; it squares well enough with my purpose, which is to find out, if possible, if Staunton and the Irish sergeant of whom I have told you, be living.

"There is no time to be lost, then, Sahib," said my guide: and after rewarding the Hindoo, who soon afterwards returned to his hut, we prepared for our departure.

The night, as Maazulla had said, was dark; and as we cautiously advanced through the ruined and deserted town, we met with no impediment to our flight. On passing the Factory, however, we found ourselves suddenly mixed up with a large and excited mob of natives, their dark countenances

lighted up by numerous torches, and attending a detachment of soldiers. It was too late for us to draw back, and we also joined the procession, the object of which was manifest enough when we noticed a rude gallows erected on the bank of the river, and perceived that in the midst of the soldiers was a European, bound, and urged forward by his guards.

"It is the English soldier of whom I told you, Sahib, who killed the Moslem," whispered Maazulla in my ear; and, impelled, perhaps by curiosity, perhaps by sympathy, I pressed nearer to his side. His cheeks were deadly pale, and his eyes were bloodshot. He stared around him, as though half unconscious of his impending doom, and half terror-stricken by the wild and savage execrations which assailed him. But, altered as he was, one glance sufficed to show me, in the poor despairing wretch, the Irish sergeant, Carriek.

Sickened, I turned away: I could not help him. Unhappy as he was, and unprepared to die, he had deserved his punishment; and, with a kind of refinement of justice, his judges had, as it seemed, determined to inflict it in what they knew to be the fashion of his own land—he was to be hung.

As the gallows was approached, the miserable man seemed to understand his full misery. He uttered a fearful shriek, struggled to escape from his guard, broke out into horrible execrations, and finally refused to advance another step towards the place of execution. All was useless, however; he was dragged onward, and in a few minutes his guilty life was closed.

To escape from the crowd, careless of the direction I took, and thoughtless of detection, was my first impulse. I succeeded; and when disentangled from the mob, I found Maazulla by my side, panting.

"It was fearfully rash, Sahib," he exclaimed, "to retreat thus: and, only that the people were too intent on witnessing the execution, you would have been suspected and secured. We are safe now, however; let us go."

How willingly I hastened onward, I need not say, Archie; and yet I could not restrain myself from casting back a glance at the scene from which I had escaped. One glance was enough. The strong torch-light cast its lurid reflections on the moving mass of life around the gallows, and threw out in strong relief against the darkened sky, the corpse of the man-slayer, swinging to and fro in the night wind.

"Enough, enough, Sahib," said Maazulla; and he laid his hand on me, and hurried me away.

CHAPTER LII.

HECTOR DARE FALLS IN WITH ANOTHER ACQUAINTANCE.

A SHORT hour's rapid walk brought us to Govindpore, a collection of huts on the banks of the river, at the southern part of the late English territory. Here, as elsewhere, the terror of the Subahdar's army had caused the flight of the greater part of the natives, who had so long reposed in peace under the protection of the Sahib log.

After having cautiously entered and examined one deserted hovel after another without success,

we observed a glimmering light breaking through the darkness. Approaching nearer, we perceived that it emanated from a hut by the waterside; and on pushing open the unfastened door, a faint sound, something between a sigh and a groan, from one corner of the apartment, gave token that we were in presence of a fellow creature in distress.

Taking up a lamp which stood on the ground, I slipped to the quarter whence the voice had proceeded; and there, stretched on a charpoy, or bedstead of native construction, was a ghastly form, in whose wan, attenuated countenance and fever-stricken expression, I, after some moments, recognised him of whom I was in search—the young writer, Lewis Staunton. It is needless to say that he did not know me in my disguise; and, naturally enough, he stared wildly when I addressed him in our native tongue.

"I don't know you," he said faintly; "but whoever you may be, give me water."

"I am Hector Dare," I said, as I supplied his want, and raised him—for he was too weak to raise himself—that he might drink.

Opening his eyes wide with astonishment, he gazed upon me silently for a moment or two, and then fell back, laughing feebly.

"It is all right, I suppose," he said; "but I am not able to make it out. How came you here, though?"

I told him, and retorted the question.

It was the *Black Hole*, he said, that had done it; and he shuddered at the recollection of that dreadful night. "Don't ask me about it now, Dare: if I ever get the better of it, I will tell you all about it." He had managed, he added, to reach Govindpore with the others who were released, and then his strength had failed him. If it had not been for a kindly native who had supplied his wants, he should have perished. And now, he did not know what would become of him, for, as he understood, all his fellow sufferers had left Govindpore, and the native who had befriended him manifested so much dread of being punished for his humanity, that he expected to be entirely deserted. Could I help him?

All this he said with difficulty. It would have been manifestly cruel—perhaps useless, also—to pester the sufferer with questions then about Mason. I only replied, therefore, to his touching appeal, by asking if he could bear removal and exposure to night air on the river.

"Yes, yes, anything better than lying here, and not a Christian to speak to."

I thought then, Archie, with a feeling of sadness too, how little claim I had to such a title. But I was Staunton's fellow-countryman, at all events; and I could not leave him there, probably to perish. So—Maazulla having by this time ascertained that our boat was ready—we carefully wrapped the poor fellow in our outer garments, and bore him between us to the river. In a few minutes we had pushed off from the bank, Staunton stretched at the stern, helpless, and Maazulla and myself at the oars. It was needful to be cautious at first, for, as we understood, a guard was stationed on the river; but soon we were beyond fear of pursuit, and we skinned the surface of the Hooghly merrily.

CHAPTER LIII.

FULTA.

ASSISTED by the current, we made rapid progress down the Hooghly. All danger was not past, however. We had a voyage of fifty miles to perform through a country on the alert for fugitive enemies, and on a river, the banks of which were populous with the native subjects of our invader. Our small craft, too, though swift and manageable, was otherwise ill adapted for our purpose.

Towards dawn, and when we had accomplished some twenty miles of our voyage, and, weary with our exertions, we rested for a few minutes on our oars, we were startled from fancied security by a loud report of cannon, followed by a shot which whizzed over our heads, and struck the water a few yards beyond us. We heard shouts also from the shore, and, turning to the quarter whence they came, we perceived the dark outlines of a fort, opposite which we had unwittingly slackened our speed. It was the fort of Buzbuzia, or Budgebudge, garrisoned by soldiers of Surajah Dowlah.

To ply our oars, and renew our flight with increased vigour, was the work of a moment, and a few minutes sufficed to place us beyond immediate danger from the guns of the fort. But we were pursued for some distance down the river by boats, and it was only by the comparative lightness of our little dhingy, and by very severe exertions, that we escaped capture. At length, however, the pursuit was relinquished, and without further adventure, on the afternoon of the same day we arrived at our destination.

Cast your eyes on the map, Archie, and you will see, at the distance of about twenty miles in a straight line from Calcutta, but nearly fifty by water, the town and port of Fulta. Ordinarily a place of little note, except that it was the general station for Dutch shipping, it had at this time been raised to temporary importance as the rendezvous of the small English fleet that had escaped from Calcutta, and the city of refuge for subsequent English fugitives. Here, in guarded dwellings on shore, were the Englishwomen who had happily been rescued from the threatening power of the Mahomedan victor. Here, too, were the greater number of the small remnant of sufferers from the *Black Hole* tragedy, slowly recovering from its fearful effects on body and mind. Here, also, was the unsoldierly governor, who had so far betrayed his trust as to flee from a post of danger; and here, to add to the weakness rather than the strength of our countrymen, either in council or in action, were the agents of the Company from subordinate factories,* who on the first alarm of danger had escaped from their presidencies to the protection of the fleet.

You have sometimes heard used, Archie, the significant figure of "a rope of sand," as applied to a community or a council divided against itself. Such appears to have been the character of the miscellaneous mass of Englishmen crowded together on the decks and in the cabins of the English fleet at Fulta. By all accounts, there were plenty of criminations and recriminations, wranglings and janglings, impossible suggestions and unavailable

* Among other places, the English East India Company had factories, at the time, at Dacca, Jugdea, and Ballasore.

offers of service; and to add to the real distress of the fugitives, no provisions could for some time be procured; for the natives, however friendly they might feel towards the peaceable merchants who had given them both lucrative employment and protection, were too frightened to hold intercourse with the enemies of the enraged Subahdar. When Surajah Dowlah's army was withdrawn from Calcutta, however, supplies began to pour in, and our countrymen were relieved of the dread of suffering from famine.

This was the position of affairs, Archie, when, exhausted by our exertions, we hailed an English boat, were taken in tow, and conveyed to the ship in which the ex-governor of Fort William held his diminished state.

Fortunately, before being conducted to his presence, I encountered on deck a former acquaintance of the Writers' Buildings; and, amidst shouts of laughter at my strange metamorphosis, he not only supplied my faithful Maazulla and myself with food, but provided me with the means of casting off my disguise, and standing once more in my own native costume. I need not add that poor Staunton was cared for; for danger and suffering had not banished humanity from the fleet.

There was one symptom of sense left in that heterogeneous gathering together at Fulta. Although many of the more prudent and courageous members of the former council of Fort William were either dead or in captivity, the English fugitives had agreed, notwithstanding their mean opinion of the governor, to acknowledge his authority, in conjunction with that of the few members of council who remained; and to their presence I was introduced as soon as my appetite was appeased, my toilet amended, and the dark stains of a pertinacious dye were partially removed from my countenance.

You will remember, Archie, that I was instructed with verbal communications from Mr. Dalzell to the governor. It is not necessary that I should repeat here the messages I then delivered. It is sufficient that, after a short and hurried audience, it was resolved that I should accompany Mr. Manningham, one of the council, who had already been deputed by his colleagues to set sail in a small vessel on the following day to Madras, to represent to the presidency there the critical state of affairs in Bengal, and to solicit immediate assistance.

Had I ever so ardently wished to remain at Fulta, I should have found it difficult to evade the duty thus assigned me; but, in truth, I desired nothing more earnestly than to lose, in public duty, the remembrance of my private wrongs and griefs, and to avoid intercourse with those who would, as I believed, exercise little delicacy or kindness in roughly handling my festering sore. Besides, no further information, for that time at least, was to be obtained from Staunton, whose condition precluded all conversation; but from the acquaintance who had supplied me with the means of throwing off my disguise, I learned that Zillah, with the other female refugees, were on shore, as I have before explained, and that the officer who commanded their small guard was none other than Mason himself. I learned more than this; for my acquaintance informed me that the lieu-

tenant's character had considerably fallen in the estimation of his compeers; that he was more than suspected of being a coward, a bully, and a cheat; that, at any rate, he was one of the officers who had effected an early escape from the beleaguered fort, and had thus avoided the catastrophe of the Black Hole; and that, but for the fact of his flight having been shared by others higher both in military and civil rank than himself, his disgrace would have been sealed. As it was, continued my informant, very few of his former companions would hold intercourse with him; and his appointment on shore was considered as a sort of voluntary banishment from their society.

All this I heard with a throbbing heart, Archie. I can look back now and see how foolishly I erred, how wrongfully pride maintained possession of my feelings, and, through them, influenced my actions. I can and do regret—oh, how deeply!—that I had not learned to exercise that meekness and wisdom which are only to be obtained by a prayerful regard to the Divine law, and an earnest seeking for Divine help and guidance. I can see all this now, but I was blinded and headstrong then; and so I persuaded myself that I had no resentment against Zillah, while suffering myself to be influenced by the calumnies or the misapprehensions of which, as I too late discovered, she was the unconscious victim.

"I am going on shore," said my good-natured acquaintance that evening; "you will go too, Dare."

I thought he was mocking my wretchedness, and I answered, shortly and sternly, "No."

"Oh!" said he, looking curiously and wonderingly at me, "you can do as you like, of course; but I should have thought now——"

"This is too insolent," I exclaimed; "you will be pleased *not* to think—for me, at any rate."

"Heyday!" he rejoined; "there is no need to quarrel about it, at all events. But never mind; 'tis in the air, I suppose, for we all seem set together by the ears at this precious place. However, I shall not quarrel to please you; so, good night, Mr. Hector Dare;" and he disappeared beneath the hatchway. A few minutes later, and I saw him pushing off from the vessel's side.

What slight events, Archie, are often made the turning-points in probably every man's history! Had I yielded to the kindly-meant invitation of my companion, and to the yearning desire in my own secret heart for one more—if only a last—interview, how much sorrow might have been spared, and how different, in all probability, would have been my future course; for I should have known then how dishonouring were my hard thoughts of poor Zillah. But I hardened myself, and entrenched my wilful heart in the haughty pride of all past generations of Dares.

Yes, I hardened myself. I sat down and wrote that night to Zillah. I will not venture to recall to mind the terms of that cruel letter; but there is one text of sacred writ, Archie, on which I can never cast my eyes but I think, with self-abhorrence and deep penitence also, I trust, of my headlong impetuosity, my guilty, insane folly then. This is the text, Archie: "The words of his mouth were smoother than butter, but war was in his heart: his words were softer than oil, yet were

they drawn swords." *Drawn swords* they were to —; but I cannot go on. * * * *

I intrusted the letter to Maazulla, and he promised it should be delivered. The next morning I bade him farewell; and soon a favouring wind and the current of the Hooghly were leaving the embassy and its despatches onwards towards Madras, where, without further adventure and after a short and prosperous voyage, we arrived in safety.

CHAPTER LIV.

CLIVE.

THERE was at that time in Madras a man, with whose name and fame both Europe and India were then resounding. That man was afterwards the Lord Clive with whose later history and melancholy end you, Archie, are not unacquainted. That history I shall not repeat here; and if I refer to the termination of his course—when his sun went down in gloom while it was yet day—it is to remind you that the possession of brilliant talents, the achievement of great success, and the acquirement of immense wealth, with honours and fame added to it, are no guarantee against that agony of mind which courts death, in the fond but futile hope of oblivion in and beyond the grave.

Twelve years before the time of which I am now writing, Robert Clive made his first appearance at Madras in the civil service of the Company. I have heard him spoken of as a young man of singularly shy and reserved habits, haughty, too, even to repulsiveness, and of a spirit so high as to spurn control. He rebelled and quarrelled and fought. He was near losing his situation for contumacy; and I fear it is true that once or twice, even in those early days, he attempted to take away or throw away his own life. I don't doubt that he was very unhappy. I had had some experience in the discomforts of such a position as this young man filled, though, thanks to my good friend, Mr. Dalzell, I had escaped from its loneliness; and—yes, I can quite believe and understand that Robert Clive, the obscure and unnoticed young clerk, was miserable enough.

But he soon raised himself from his obscurity. Read his history again, Archie; and while you will see much to shrink from and condemn, you may find something to admire, perhaps also to strive to imitate. Human history is a mingled web, and the lives of most men are built up, so to speak, of various materials. There is "wood and hay and stubble;" but there may also be "gold and silver and precious stones." Everything in even a bad man is not bad, or men would be monsters or devils; and everything in a good man, alas! is not good and worthy of imitation.

That in young Clive which *was* worthy of imitation was his perseverance in the face of apparently insurmountable difficulties, and his determination to overcome them. It was this principle—I say nothing here, Archie, of its mode of operation—which in a few years gained for him renown as the deliverer of his countrymen, and the preserver of a weak and despairing colony, and which yet, a few years later, raised him to be one of the founders of a great and mighty empire.

He had scarcely attained to manhood, when he distinguished himself by martial deeds which gained for him the admiration of his countrymen

and the respect of his enemies. These deeds had been followed up in quick succession by other enterprises, which marked the young writer as a skilful commander; and thenceforth he abandoned his peaceful avocation and adopted the sword. It was Colonel Clive to whom was intrusted the recovery of the lost possessions of the English in Bengal; and early in October a naval and military armament—the former commanded by Admiral Watson, and the latter consisting of nine hundred English soldiers and fifteen hundred native soldiers or Sepoys—sailed from Madras, and reached Fulta.

I shall not detain you with any account of this voyage, save that it was prolonged by baffling winds and divers accidents, so that it was not until the middle of December that the small fleet anchored at Fulta.

STUDIES IN HISTORY.

THE OLD AGE OF FREDERICK THE GREAT.

AFTER a long reign of forty-five years, Frederick felt the approach of those infirmities which indicated that the termination of life could not be far distant. Zimmerman, an eminent physician of the day, well known as the author of a once popular treatise on Solitude, was sent for by the king, to attend him during what proved to be his last illness. He found Frederick courteous and affable, regular also in the discharge of his official duties, but wedded to the pleasures of the table, against which his previous medical advisers had ineffectually warned him. The following is Zimmerman's description of a dinner eaten by the invalid, or, to speak correctly, the dying monarch. It shows the extent to which he indulged himself, and how little he understood the grace of Christian temperance.

"This day the king took a very large quantity of soup, consisting of the very strongest and most highly-spiced ingredients; yet, spiced as it was, he added to each plate of it a large spoonful of pounded ginger and mace. His majesty then ate a good piece of *bœuf à la Russe*, beef which had been steeped in half a quart of brandy. Next he took a great quantity of an Italian dish, made half of Indian corn, and half of Parmesan cheese; to this the juice of garlic is added, and the whole is baked in butter, until there arises a hard rind as thick as a finger. This was one of the king's most darling dishes, named a polenta. At last, the king having expressed his satisfaction with the excellent appetite which his medicine had given him, closed the scene with a plateful of *eel-pie*, of the most hot and fiery nature." Even before leaving the table on this occasion, he was seized with convulsions.

Frederick, as will be readily imagined after this description of his habits, daily grew weaker and weaker. Old and enfeebled, deprived of his youthful companions, there was little in the aged monarch's position to envy. He had no hope, to render the prospect beyond the grave, to which he was hastening, bright with immortality; and the past was but a vision of acquisitions, gained by questionable means, and soon to glide irrevocably

from his grasp. Like his dying father, he had to feel, even if he would not in words admit the truth, that life's richest boons, without God's blessing, are but vanity and vexation of spirit. He continued to occupy himself, however, with official business to the very last; it drowned reflection, probably, and stifled the whispers of the inward monitor. During his reign, he had invariably treated with contempt, so far, at least, as their religious instructions extended, clergymen of all denominations. None of them, accordingly, stood beside him at this important period of his life, to awaken him by their exhortations to repentance, or to point him to the Saviour as the source of peace and safety. What his clergy were unable to accomplish, however, by oral communication, was attempted by a pious but unknown individual. One day, when near his death, Frederick received a letter, couched in the following terms:

"Sire—Filled as I am with respect and reverence for the Supreme Being, I cannot forbear from recalling, in all humility, to your majesty's mind, what is the greatest and most precious of all treasures, and that which alone can render you happy. That treasure is the faith which comes from the grace of God. But the great understanding of your majesty will at once perceive that this important advantage, which alone can lead to eternal life, must be asked of God in prayer, with a right course of life, and a due meditation of the Scriptures. Eternal happiness is worthy of being thought of. It is obtained by the grace of God, for those who humble themselves before him. If, says Jesus, ye are not converted, and do not become like little children, ye cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven. The change may be difficult for your majesty, but with God everything is possible; and may his blessed Son have pity upon you. I am, with the most profound respect, and the most Christian charity, the simple and faithful Christian, O. F."

Instead of being angry with this communication, as he would have been at other times, the king replied, "Let this be answered civilly; the intention of the writer is good." He did not profit by the advice. Not long after the receipt of the above letter, the hand of death seized him; and without one ray of Christian hope to brighten his latter end or cheer his departing spirit, he entered the eternal world to learn its dread realities. By his will he expressly requested that he might not be buried in a church, but ordered that he should be laid by the side of his dogs! The request was not complied with. By some, such a dying wish will be regarded as a mark of affectionate attachment to his dumb favourites; by others, perhaps, it will be viewed, not inappropriately, as one of the fruits of that cheerless creed, which taught him that after death he was but as "the brutes that perish."

In the last century, Frederick attracted a considerable degree of attention from his contemporaries. His actions, his witty as well as wise sayings, were diligently recorded, and rapidly communicated from country to country. The age was one in which spiritual religion had greatly declined, and in which, therefore, a monarch like Frederick

was sure to be welcomed, from his indifference to evangelical truth, and his claims to freedom of thought. Viewing him from a distance, however, it is not difficult to decide that he was greatly overrated, and that his infidelity, so far from rendering him a philosophical king, was the cause of his fulfilling imperfectly many of the most important social duties.

As a son, he lived, as we saw in a former article, in continual collision with his father. It is true that the latter was much to blame, but this circumstance does not exonerate Frederick from various charges of disobedience and undutifulness clearly brought home to him. A good husband, also, he cannot be considered to have been, seeing that he lived in a species of seclusion from his consort for nearly half a century. As a friend, his conduct is not more satisfactory. We have observed the lack of generosity with which he treated his early companions, and the relatives of those who had made large sacrifices for his sake. Thiebault, who resided with him, or in his immediate circle, for a number of years, gives us many pictures of the tyrannical mode in which he exercised his power over those who were his intimates and daily associates. Keen cutting gibes were continually passed upon them; they dared not to retaliate, however, as a witty repartee would probably have deprived them of their bread. The Marquis d'Argens, one of his oldest friends, after having passed fifty years in his service, was deprived of all his pensions, for a short delay in returning to court when on a brief visit to some friends in his native country. This was not a solitary example of the caprice which regulated his proceedings. When in his company, the only prudent course was to say as little as possible. Thiebault states that, one evening he was called on by the king to discuss some propositions for his amusement with another courtier, known by the classic title of Quintus Icilius. The subject proposed was—whether man would have been happier, had his Creator gifted him with the power of foreknowing the hour of his death? Icilius having, in a few words, shown the wisdom of the existing arrangements of Providence in that matter, the king rudely interrupted him, telling him that he was a base and grovelling soul, incapable of understanding elevated sentiments. All this coarse effusion of feeling arose from Frederick having been foiled in an argument, no less impious than absurd, which he had endeavoured to maintain.

As an author, Frederick's talents were considerable, but they were grossly misapplied. His works are most objectionable. They advocate principles of infidelity, and are stained by gross impurities. For many years he maintained a literary correspondence with D'Alembert as to the best mode of undermining Christianity. Their letters generally terminated with the syllables "Ecr. l'Inf.," being a contraction in French of the words, "Crush the wretch." This term he applied to the gracious Saviour of mankind!

Thiebault, whom we have already named, was a French writer employed to correct the king's literary compositions—to attend, as a critic sneeringly remarks, "to various little offices about Frederick's mind." The task of a critic on the productions of a monarch, seems to have been

far from enviable. On one occasion, when pointing out a phrase which had been wrongly employed, Frederick instantly became red with anger, his whole physiognomy assuming a menacing expression, like that of a man who is about to fall upon the most violent measures. To calm him, Thiebault had to assume a humble, supplicating attitude, and to sue for the insertion of the correct grammatical expression, as if it had been a favour of vital importance. Infidelity, it is obvious, had not sweetened Frederick's temper.

The friends whom Frederick employed were generally men destitute of all religious principle. It is singular to observe, however, that although sceptical on points where they ought to have had faith, they were credulous on others where belief was ridiculous and childish. Lamethrie, an avowed atheist, used to make the sign of the cross if it thundered. D'Argens would shudder if there were thirteen persons seated round the table. Others were the dupes of fortune-tellers; and full half the court believed that a woman, all in white, appeared in one of the apartments of the castle, holding in her hands a large broom, with which she swept the room when any of the royal family were about to die. Several persons of distinction, occupying high places under government, were duped by a person who pretended to have the power of intercourse with evil spirits, so as to discover hidden treasure. They even went the length of offering sacrifices to the devil, and procured at great cost, as an acceptable offering, a goat which had not a single hair that was not black. Such are the inconsistencies of infidelity.

Frederick's sceptical principles displayed their baneful results also in rendering him occasionally implacable and unmerciful. His treatment of the once celebrated Baron Trenck is a deep stain upon his memory. For a slight, if not an imaginary offence, Trenck was confined in a gloomy spot, which he thus describes: "My dungeon was built on the ditch of the fortification. The name of Trenck was inscribed upon the wall, and under my feet was a tombstone, with the name of Trenck also cut on it, and carved with a death's head. Enormous chains were fixed round my ankle, and another huge iron ring was riveted round my naked body." He remained for many months in great suffering, and thrilled Europe by the narrative of his captivity and remarkable escapes.

As a monarch, Frederick plunged his country in war, and in various instances throughout his reign acted under the influence of an improper expediency. On one occasion he passed, by means of an agent in Poland, an immense quantity of adulterated money, but was mortified by the Empress of Russia, into whose country it had found its way, taking it at its full value from her subjects and returning it again to Frederick, to be exchanged for pure coin.

Frederick plumed himself on his administration of justice, and is indeed entitled to praise on this account, for many of his regulations were excellent. His passions, however, were sometimes allowed to get the better of feelings of propriety. The case of Arnold, the miller, is generally known. The king received from an individual of that name and trade a complaint that fairness was not dealt out to him by the judges. Frederick ordered a

private and, as it turned out, a partial report to be made, and, precipitately acting upon it, sent for the legal functionaries who had decided the cause. Without allowing them a hearing, he kicked and upbraided them, and finally deposed them on the spot. It was afterwards found, however, that the decision of the judges was correct, and that Frederick's private report had been inaccurately drawn up.

Leaving him as a monarch, however, his sceptical principles can scarcely be said to operate more favourably when we view him as a master. The treatment of his domestics is stated by some writers to have been harsh and severe. He was chary in wages or rewards to them, but liberal of sharp reproofs or blows. These were their lighter punishments. For serious offences they were at once discarded or sent to prison. One valet-de-chambre, having been charged with embezzling some money, put a pistol to his head, and fell a corpse in Frederick's own antechamber. The king, on hearing of the lamentable event, only said, "I did not think that the fellow had had so much courage."

Many anecdotes of Frederick have been preserved; but we select one, which is interesting as showing his appreciation of the false miracles of the Romish Church. A common soldier, who had long been distinguished for the constancy with which he worshipped at a shrine of the Virgin Mary, was accused of having stolen a valuable diamond from the petticoat of her image. He admitted that the missing property was in his possession, but set up a sufficiently singular plea: "One day, when I was worshipping the Virgin," he said, "she opened her eyes, and addressed me thus: 'My friend, I have long witnessed with pleasure the constancy of your devotion to me. Here is a diamond—take it; I have no need of it, but it will be useful to you.'" Frederick, glad to have a laugh at the priests' expense, inquired of the Roman Catholic divines whether such a miracle was possible. They could not deny that it was *possible*, but said that it was not *probable*. Frederick pardoned the soldier; but added, that as he could not hinder the saints or Virgin from giving presents to his men, he must content himself by issuing an order that none of them, under a severe penalty, should accept such presents, if offered to them.

More details might be given, showing Frederick's character in other and perhaps more attractive points of view; but space forbids the attempt. We observe in conclusion, therefore, that if the possession of talents, varied and extensive, entitle a monarch to the appellation of Great, Frederick may lay claim to that honourable distinction. If, however, not the mere *possession*, but the right *application* of great talents is the foundation for the above term, then Frederick must be displaced from the position to which his flattering contemporaries elevated him. The true philosopher is he whom Christian principles influence, whose passions Divine grace regulates, and whose actions are guided by love to the Saviour, and zeal for the Divine honour and glory.*

* This sketch originally appeared in "The Visitor," a magazine published by the Religious Tract Society.



"WAITING FOR THE VERDICT," copied by the kind permission of A. SOLONOS, Esq., from his celebrated picture at the Royal Academy, in 1857.

MR. JAMRACH'S COLLEGE FOR YOUNG BEASTS.

BEYOND the leading articles of my newspaper, in which I am a connoisseur, I seldom look at any other part of it. It was not always so. I remember when I craved after mysterious showers of frogs, gigantic cucumbers, imprisoned toads, and other wonderments of similar complexion, as greedily as anybody. Time and circumstances have altered that taste. Certain further acquaintance, too, with the getting up of newspapers helped to disenchant me, so I leave these matters of information to my wife and children, who are all equally fond of them, and restrict my attention to other matters, social and political. It somehow happens, however, that one must read certain things now and then, whether he will or no. I rarely pass a day without encountering a paragraph stuck under my nose in all sorts of insidious forms, proposing to me the question, "whether I bruise my oats yet?"—to me, above all persons in the world, who am neither a Scotchman, nor the owner of horses. Then, under the surreptitious heading of a royal crown, supported on either side by the royal initials V. R., I am inveigled from one side of the street to the other, on a dirty wet day perhaps, to learn that Mr. M—— is the very best of all tailors. In short, though I constantly aim at reading high compositions, and strive to avoid all other, I very often peruse things not bargained for or expected; and in this manner, I cannot tell exactly when, a newspaper paragraph met my eye purporting that a certain tiger broke loose on a certain day, from the premises of Mr. Jamrach, the celebrated importer of wild beasts, ran into the streets, and began to play certain pranks; the result of which was, a certain boy conveyed wounded to the London Hospital, and a protracted struggle between the escaped beast on the one hand, and a certain man, armed with a crowbar, on the other; the contest eventually ended in the discomfiture of the wild beast and her ignominious return (it was a lady tiger) to her prison cage. So I made a note of it, determining in my own mind that I would beat up Mr. Jamrach some fine day. The resolve remained some time in abeyance, and might have continued so some time longer, were it not for a certain announcement which again came in my way, to the effect that a fine rhinoceros had arrived at Mr. Jamrach's seminary, preparatory to undergoing such a course of educational training as should make the animal fitting society for the beasts of a civilized menagerie. Not knowing how long this educational course might last, to Mr. Jamrach's I went without further delay.

Though ignorant of the number of that gentleman's residence, and though Ratcliffe Highway was to me almost a *terra incognita*, I took it for granted that the name of one who had conquered a truant tigress and led her back to captivity, could not be hid under a bushel, and that he would be certainly known to people thereabout. I was not mistaken. Almost the first boy I met in Ratcliffe Highway directed me to a shop where chirpings and cooings and growlings innumerable fell on my ear, and certain stuffed specimens of natural history placed in the windows would have satisfied me I was in the right place at last, though the name of

Jamrach had not been printed in large letters over the door. Mr. Jamrach presented himself in the form of a stalwart German—one whom a prudent lion or tiger would not care to meet, provided a crowbar were at Mr. Jamrach's disposal; for I subsequently had to learn that a crowbar stood in the same relation to a tamer of wild beasts as a cane to the hands of a pedagogue. The object of my call was soon explained. I wanted to know all about the wild beasts, his pupils; to study their course of education; to familiarise myself with their habits; whether they took kindly to human discipline or not; whether they remembered favours; and, in short, any other collateral points which the master might be kind enough to indicate. He entered into my views at once, and I herewith take a public opportunity of thanking him for all his civility.

"I have only small animals here," he said; "birds chiefly, as you will perceive; but come with me a little way down the street, and you shall see my large pupils; they are only distant from here about three hundred yards."

So away we went, Mr. Jamrach telling me as we proceeded that the great magnet of attraction which had brought me to Ratcliffe Highway was to depart next morning. "So you have visited me just in time," said he.

Arrived at a courtyard, I found myself between two rows of cages. There were not many animals on that part of the establishment. A condor of the Andes, moping sulkily in her cage, had one side of the courtyard pretty nearly to herself. Passing on I came to a ladder, leading to a sort of loft. That ladder Mr. Jamrach told me to mount, which made me ask whether the rhinoceros was to be found up there? My informant explained.

"She is not up there," replied he; "she is below in a den; but through a hole in the flooring you will have to see her."

Down through the hole I peeped, and there in a den sure enough she was, nibbling hay with much complacency. Mr. Jamrach now went away, handing me over to the guidance of his keeper—the keeper, I mean, of his wild animals. This keeper was a man almost as worthy of being studied as the animals under his charge. A very small man, indeed; yet to him I found the credit was due of catching and bringing back the stray tigress. I found him full of anecdote; and I, making the best of my opportunity, began to question him about his system of education, and the peculiarities of his pupils. I asked him first about the king of beasts, of course. It was easier, he told me, to gain the confidence of a lion than a tiger; yet tigers and tigresses would occasionally have very pretty ways. "That very tigress which escaped," said he, "knew me well, and seemed to be very fond of me. Often when I was passing the front of her den, she would thrust out both paws, and beckon me towards her."

"And did you accept her invitation?" said I.

"Often; and putting her paws one on either side of my neck, she would caress me."

"Lions and tigers are often gentle enough whilst in their dens," continued he; "but if by chance they break loose, their natural ferocity again possesses them. They forget all friendship then,

and one must show them no favour or mercy. There is only one way to deal with them."

"And what is that?"

"Knock them on the head at once—stun them. That is how I served the tigress. I felled her with the blow of a crowbar. For a time she lay like a thing dead, and when she recovered well enough to walk, oh what a tussle we two had. She showed her teeth and pulled one way—I showed my crowbar and pulled the other way. She did not half like going back, I assure you; but I got the better of her at last."

"And did she ever forgive you?" asked I. "There was an end to her invitations and caresses, I should imagine."

"Not a bit of it," said the keeper; "she forgave me, and after a few days we were as good friends as ever."

"Her memory must have been indifferent," I ventured to suggest. "Probably she forgot about it."

The keeper smiled and shook his head. "The memory of lions and tigers is good enough," said he; "I will give you a proof of it. Look at those cages. You will observe we have to clean them out with an iron rake, through an opening below the railings. Now it is a very common trick of lions and tigers just imported, to lay hold of the rake and bite it and break it. That bad habit must be altered; there is no dealing with a wild beast vicious after that fashion. We have a certain cure," continued he; "and when I tell you what it is, you will no longer doubt that lions and tigers have very good memories. We make the rake hot in a fire, and a lion or tiger after biting it once, never bites it a second time."

At this period of the narrative, a short grunt from the imprisoned rhinoceros caused me again to look down through the hole. But the lady had by this time made herself invisible. Not liking to be stared at, as it would seem, she had shrunk away to the farther corner of her den, where, shrouded in darkness, my inquisitive eye-glances could no longer follow her. The keeper was indignant. What business had she to be thus coy and retreating to a gentleman formally introduced?

"So ho, Mouta!" said he, calling her by her Indian name, for she was a denizen of the Ganges—"I'll teach you better manners."

"Wait a bit," said he to me; "I'll go down and stir her up; I'll make her go forward."

I begged of him to do no such thing: it seemed to me sheer recklessness. Smiling, he bade me have no concern. Then, as a schoolmaster might have seized his cane to correct a stubborn boy, or a huntsman his whip to check the barkings of an unruly dog, so did the usher of Mr. Jamrach's educational establishment lay hold of an instrument, proper, I suppose, for the correction and management of rebellious rhinoceri. It was a murderous-looking thing, which I call a tomahawk; but since a picture will show what it was much better than any words, I herewith present the reader with a representation of it.

Down through the floor the complacent usher bobbed. Bang went the tomahawk,



right and left; and with many a snort and grunt, forward, in a position where the light could shine upon her, came the rhinoceros. I beg the reader to have no manner of anxiety for her comfort. Having regard to the thickness of her skin, the tomahawk, murderous though it looked in the abstract, could not have much hurt her. Now, for the first time, I perceived that the nose horn, from which the specific name of the animal is derived, had well nigh disappeared—the invariable result, I was informed, of keeping these animals in captivity. They are in the habit of rubbing away the point of the horn against the hard sides of the den, faster than the horny matter can be produced at the base.

Passing now near a row of cages, in which some little animals were confined, I felt a soft velvety touch on the back of my hand. Looking round, I perceived a creature, not quite a monkey, but something that way inclined. I was sagacious enough to imagine that it might be one of the lemur tribe, prevalent in Madagascar—a supposition which my guide confirmed. It was begging, poor little thing, for something to eat. Lemurs, like monkeys, are great adepts at eating. Amongst the smaller animals, a pair of jackals struck me, they were so benignant and innocent-looking. I shall doubt the teaching of Lavater, if what the keeper told me about the jackals was reliable. He gave them a very bad character indeed. They would bite and scratch, and do the utmost mischief in their power. To make pets of them, and let them run loose about the house, would be impossible; for, amongst other evil propensities, they were given to cat-killing and cat-eating.

Mr. Jamrach's college numbered amongst its inmates a goodly lot of monkeys. There they were, of many sorts and sizes, grinning, chattering, and making wry faces. For the first time in my life, I discovered where monkeys came from—I mean whereabouts in London, after their importation. I am somewhat of a monkey admirer. I have always had a leaning that way, and many times half resolved to increase the number of my family by one of those little wood-people. In my ignorance, not being cognisant of the monkey mart, and applying to happy family men and organ-grinders for information, the whole subject of monkey traffic was enveloped in such studied mystery, that I began to despair of ever adding one of these caricature presentments of humanity to my household circle. The price of monkeys is not so outrageous after all, if one goes to the right mart for them. Deportment and carriage count for a good deal, I find, in the market value of a monkey, even more than personal appearance: and now, in testimony to the superior attractions of monkeys of the softer sex, I am happy to inform my readers that lady monkeys fetch a higher price in the market than gentlemen monkeys. Ring-tailed monkeys, I was informed, stand the climate almost better than any other. The blue-faced monkey is rather more gentle. Therefore, between a ringtail and a blueface lies my choice whenever I go into the monkey market as a purchaser. But to tell the truth, after what I saw at Mr. Jamrach's, I do not know that a monkey *shall* be my first choice, except I can procure one with a certificate of good character—a contingency not very probable,

by the way. A kangaroo was recommended to me as a very pretty pet (one had just been sold at Mr. Jamrach's for fifty shillings), and an opossum appeared to be all gentleness. Sweet little things they are, I was informed, when well treated. Who would be cruel enough to treat them ill? Alas! I bethought me of opossum rugs, now being introduced as articles of luxury into this country. A certain proprietor of an opossum rug (price eight guineas) told me, as a recommendation, that not less than eighty skins were sewn together in the manufacture of it. Alas! poor opossums.

"You must have a somewhat dangerous life of it," remarked I. "Are you not afraid sometimes?"

He smiled. "Not of beasts and birds," said he; "but the snakes, ugh! I don't like them particularly."

"Do you deal in snakes, too?"

"Of all sorts and sizes. I understand the ways of them pretty well, but now and then strange snakes come here, the ways of which I don't quite understand. Of all snakes, I hate puff-adders most. A short time since, forty puff-adders came here in a box. I had to remove them one by one, put them in different boxes, and send them to various quarters. I didn't half like the job, I can tell you."

"You handle them with tongs, I suppose?"

"We have not a pair of tongs on the premises," replied he.

"How do you catch them, then?"

"Seize them between finger and thumb, and hold them fast. That's the only way to deal with them."

"Do you wear gloves?"

"Yes, very thin gloves. Thick gloves would interfere with the nimbleness of one's fingers. A snake would easily bite through many such gloves as I wear: but I fancy leather, however thin, would catch some of the poison. A puff-adder is the ugliest snake I know of. His ways are as ugly as his looks. The rattlesnake I don't mind: he is a gentleman—a fair dealing fellow. Before he bites, he gives you warning, by sounding his rattle twice. You may safely touch him after one rattle; but after rattling the second time, stand clear, or you are a dead man."

At this period of the narrative I could not help fancying that it would be better to leave puff-adders, rattlesnakes, and others of the poison-tooth tribe, alone to crawl in their native wilds. I doubted whether the curiosity of noticing such animals in captivity would justify the danger to human life involved. As our conversation proceeded, I found that even puff-adder and rattlesnake traffic admitted of a plausible defence, on the score of utility to man. These creatures are distributed amongst physiologists and others who study the effects of poisons. Many of the puff-adders, for example, just alluded to, were taken to Germany by the keeper, my informant, and disposed of as I have mentioned. I had kept English snakes myself. Harmless creatures enough they are, except to the frogs. A person unaccustomed to the ways of English snakes, would never credit their gorging power—how they manage to swallow, with apparent ease, frogs larger than themselves. Now, rattlesnakes and puff-adders, nay, I believe poison snakes generally,

according to the testimony of my informant, do not care much about gorging. Occasionally they will swallow a mouse or a bird; but it is not their regular way of feeding. They suck the blood of their victims.

Having had the good fortune to visit some of the leading menageries of Europe, and remembering a few of their chief animal celebrities, I was glad to find that Mr. Jamrach could give me some account of most of them. A certain gigantic elephant belonging to the Amsterdam Zoological Gardens forced himself on my attention once upon a time, in a way I shall not readily forget. He made a treacherous attempt to catch me, in point of fact, though I did him no manner of wrong; and, judging from what I heard of that fellow's character subsequently (I use the word fellow in its most opprobrious sense), he would have certainly killed me. He grew so unmanageable at last, that death by powder and lead was decreed him by zoological court-martial.

"You remember the Amsterdam salamander?" inquired Mr. Jamrach. Of course I did. Was I likely to have forgotten that strange creature? Did not I pat the salamander, and smooth him down, proud in my own conceit that in after time I might boast how I had seen and touched that mysterious beast. It is a pity I should destroy a pretty illusion which may be lighting up the imagination of the reader. Did the salamander burn me? Did he live in a furnace? Did his eyes dart fire? Oh no, none of it. The Japanese salamander is a sort of huge water-newt, without scales, slimy to touch, like an eel. His natural food is fish, and if thrown into furnace flames, after the manner of the fabled salamander, he would find himself very much out of his element. I learned that subsequently to my visit to Amsterdam the solitary salamander touched by me is cheered by the presence of another—come all the way from Japan to keep him company.

"By the by, I'll tell you an anecdote of that fellow," said Mr. Jamrach. "Salamanders exist nowhere except in Japan, and even there they are scarce. Still, a Dutch medical man, sometime resident in Japan, was fortunate enough to collect eight of them—a little fortune, if by chance he should succeed in bringing them alive to Europe. With travelling salamanders, as with invading armies, the commissariat is the chief difficulty. Picture to yourself creatures requiring fresh-water fish, and plenty of them, all the way from Japan! To provide a tiger's daily meal all the way from Bengal is not the easiest matter; but it must be a trifle less in comparison with the difficulties of the Dutch doctor. Well, to sea they went, doctor, fresh fish and salamanders. Whether the voyage was longer than usual, or the salamanders' appetites waxed sharp under change of air, I don't know. One by one the fish were appropriated, and the salamanders began to make signs for more. What was to be done? Only one thing, and I grieve to narrate it. Salamandrine cannibalism was resolved upon. Salamander number one first fell under the commissariat knife, and, being distributed in parts, his former companions ate him. Salamander number two next shared a similar fate, and others subsequently, up to number seven inclusive. Land, however, hove in sight, and fresh fish were soon

procurable; so salamander number eight found his way in safety to Amsterdam."

I must really gossip no longer, particularly as I hope to visit Mr. Jamrach's college again. Let me conclude by telling any lady who may desire such a beast as a pet rhinoceros, that she must be prepared to give some five hundred pounds for the same. Should her tastes incline to the possession of a tiger, the lady may at times, when the tiger-market is glutted, procure one for—say a hundred pounds, cash down; no discount, and no abatement. But I am informed that three hundred pounds is a far more probable sum. As regards lions, they are somewhat cheaper, I believe; but if any fair reader wishes to have a lap-lion, I will make it my business to inquire for her.

A GLANCE AT THE INDUSTRIAL POSITION OF ENGLAND.

MINES AND MINERALS.

In this department it happened unfortunately that Great Britain was but inadequately represented in the Paris Exhibition. This arose, however, from causes which were sufficiently obvious: the cost of carriage for large specimens of our mineral products—the difficulty of transporting them entire—and the certainty that even if this were done it would be followed by no pecuniary recompense; these reasons were quite sufficient to deter such a practical race as the English miners from any very extraordinary exertions. The capabilities of this country in the matter of mining, and all its results, are, however, so widely known—its coal and iron being so notoriously the source of our commercial and manufacturing greatness—that this absence of mere material was of comparatively minor importance. If there was little to astonish the casual spectator, there was yet enough to show the professional miner and the man of science that England is as yet unapproached and unapproachable in the vastness of her achievements in these branches of industry, and must, so far as mere quantity of product is concerned, continue for many years to take the lead among the nations.

COAL.—Great Britain is at the head of all coal-producing countries, and it is to her abundance of this fuel, and the facile means at her command of distributing it over the entire surface of the island, that she owes her commercial prosperity. The products of the several coal mines were represented in the Exhibition by nearly 300 specimens obtained by the Board of Trade from all the principal districts; they were accompanied by printed labels imparting the necessary information concerning them. A comparison of the production of coal by other countries with that of Great Britain may serve as a kind of key to the manufacturing power of them all—although no very accurate deduction can be made from such data. The comparison would stand thus: Spain produces only 500,000 tons of coal per annum; Austria, whose yield has largely increased during the last seven years, produces about 1,500,000 tons. Belgium, though but a small country, produces 8,000,000 tons; Prussia, in 1854, raised a total of mineral fuel, including coal and lignite, of nearly 9,300,000 tons; and France, with a produce of

nearly 7,000,000 tons, imports 3,000,000 more from neighbouring countries, the chief part coming from Belgium. Now, the produce of all the above-named countries added together does not amount to half the quantity raised from the mines of England, Wales, and Scotland, the aggregate of which in 1854 amounted to 64,412,651 tons, representing a value of £15,000,000, and involving the employment of 220,000 persons in 2397 collieries. But it is not in the abundance of this product alone that England has the advantage—the unrivalled cheapness of the article is a still greater element in her favour. Coal in France costs 15s. a ton at the pit's mouth; in Belgium, 18s., and in other countries it is still dearer, while with us it is raised at an average of 4s. 6d. a ton;—and, which is most important of all, our iron-masters are for the most part saved the expense of transporting fuel, because the iron ore and the coal for smelting it are dug on the same spot.

IRON.—A hundred years ago this country was dependent upon Russia for the greater portion of the iron she required: at the present moment, England, Wales, and Scotland produce together about half the total quantity of iron yielded by all the countries of the earth. This huge advance is owing mainly to three things: the improvement of the steam-engine by Watt—the invention of the puddling and rolling processes by Cort—and the application of the hot-blast discovered by Neilson. From the fact that coal and iron are found together on the British soil, which is rarely the case on the Continent, England gets her iron at a less cost than any other nation, and hence she has become the great exporting source of iron and iron-made machinery to foreign countries.

The English iron-works were represented in the Exhibition by a collection of various articles from the principal foundries in the country, which we need not particularise. Similar articles, and those of equal and in many instances of superior manufacture and material, were exhibited by the iron-masters of France, Prussia, and Belgium. It was evident, indeed, that as it respects quality, the English foundries were by no means in the van of improvement, and were outdone by many of their continental rivals. The following is the rate of production of the different countries; England at present produces more than 3,000,000 tons of pig-iron; France raises about 700,000 tons, and imports largely from other countries; the Zollverein, including Prussia and eleven smaller states, produces about 6,500,000 cwt.; Belgium produces 200,000 tons; Austria raises something less than 400,000 tons; Sweden, always foremost in respect to quality, yields 200,000 tons, Spain 38,000 tons, and Italy, 60,000 tons.

The surpassing pre-eminence of Great Britain over all other iron-producing countries is shown by this statement. It is well to remember, however, that this pre-eminence has reference only to that ordinary class of iron which forms the great bulk of what is demanded by commerce. There has been an immense demand for cheap iron, and England has furnished the supply; but the consequence has been a deteriorating effect on the quality. During the late war with Russia, this was painfully apparent; the ordnance cast in 1850

was not found so serviceable as that cast in 1815; at the bombardment of Sweaborg, the new mortars burst sooner than the old; and through the whole war, our artillery was shown to have less resisting power than that of other iron-producing countries. Again, as to wrought iron, it is notorious that if bars or sheets of really good quality are required, there are only a few works in the kingdom from which they may be obtained, and the proprietors of these compensate by the higher price of their goods for the smaller quantity they manufacture. Once more, foreigners, in trying experiments in the comparative strength of their own and British iron, find the test invariably unfavourable to the latter. To whatever cause this may be owing, it is not a pleasant conclusion to arrive at; and it seems to us to point significantly to the fatal majority of sad accidents, by bursting boilers, fractured rails, failing engines, and foundering vessels, which mark the career of our industrial operations. This is a question in which the public at large is seriously interested; and our founders may do well to consider whether, in pushing to its utmost limits the one element of cheapness, they may not be undermining their own commerce and at the same time compromising the safety of the public.

Moreover, there is no reason to expect that the pre-eminence we at present occupy will long continue at anything even approximating to the existing ratio. Foreign nations are adopting our own modes of manufacture. In France, the production of coke-made iron is one hundred times the quantity it was thirty years ago, and the cost of production has so much lessened as to lead to an abatement of the import duties, without injury to the iron-masters. The French ore lies near the surface, and is easily got; and the founders are boldly asserting that when they have completed their means of intercommunication, they will be in a position not to fear the competition caused by free trade. Further, they have excelled the English in some branches of economy, and many of them are now heating their steam-boilers by the waste gases from the blast-furnace, a system of saving which promises to become universal in France.

It has been thought by some persons that the physical strength required for puddling iron would not be found in the workmen of France. This has proved to be a fallacy—the fact being, according to the report of professional inspectors, that the French puddlers not only perform their work with the requisite strength and skill, but, owing to their temperate habits and regular lives, actually turn out a greater quantity of work per week than the average of our own countrymen.

The British iron-master should consider these things, for it is evident that if we are to retain our pre-eminence at all, it will have to be done, sooner or later, by superior workmanship and the produce of a superior material, in combination with moderate prices; and it will be better to make a vigorous effort in time, than to toil, years hence, in the labour, which may be vain, of recovering lost ground.

OTHER METALS.—*Copper*, of which England produced but little a century back, is now, next to iron, the most important of her metals. The pre-

sent rate of production, which has not varied much since 1830, is over 20,000 tons a year, and is in value about £2,500,000. France is deficient in copper mines, but imports 5000 tons of the metal, and smelts the ores of Tuscany and other Mediterranean localities. Hungary yields about 600 tons per annum, besides 50 tons of quicksilver, and 5000 lbs. of silver. Sweden yields 2000 tons of copper. In the district of Lake Superior (North America), are copper mines of native metal so tough, as to require cutting out with the chisel; their produce in 1855 was estimated at 3200 tons.

Tin, the oldest mineral product of England, was not represented at the Exhibition, though Cornwall annually yields about 6000 tons, of the value of nearly £700,000. Tin has lately been found in Australia, and ingots of it have reached us from India. France, Spain, Portugal, Austria, and Mexico exhibited specimens of tin ore.

Lead.—It is only of late that the position of England as a lead-producing country has been appreciated. We now raise over 60,000 tons annually, and from the ore of 1854 were extracted 562,659 ounces of silver. Spain abounds in lead, and her produce is estimated at 25,000 tons. France has but few lead mines; they are, however, richer in silver than those of Britain. Austria has productive mines of lead, copper, and silver, which were well represented, though the amount of their produce was not shown. Prussia yields about 6500 tons of lead. In Belgium the quantity, in 1850, was 1178 tons, an amount which has since been much exceeded.

Zinc.—The English have not yet succeeded in producing this metal on a large scale, though the ores are not wanting; and the demand occasioned by its general use is met by importations from foreign countries, to the amount of about 20,000 tons a year. To the great company of the Vieille Montagne, which has almost a monopoly of the trade, we are indebted not only for the zinc, but for the knowledge we possess of the various purposes to which it is applicable. That company employs 7000 workmen, and manufactures 25,000 tons of sheet zinc alone, and 5000 tons of the pure zinc white paint so generally used in France.

Of *non-metallic* minerals, we may note the graphite, or plumbago, which once made Cumberland famous. The Cumberland mines have been exhausted some years, but Austria yields 6000 cwts. per annum, and Bohemia 60,000 cwts.; and within the last few years it has been found in Ceylon, in Canada, and in Greenland.

We may also note the materials of porcelain, which came under the above definition. It was a matter of surprise and admiration to the Parisians that the English earthenware and china, beautiful almost as that of Sèvres, could be offered at so low a price; and they gave a practical proof of their approbation by buying it in large quantities. One reason of its comparative cheapness was shown in the samples of the Kaolin, or china-clay of Cornwall, which costs in Staffordshire but one half the price of the clay used for the same purpose in France.

Ap[ro]pos of mines, minerals, and mining, we may remark, in concluding this paper, that an essential requisite of the scientific miner is a geological map of the country in which his operations are

carried on. Such maps were displayed at the Paris Exhibition; and in this department our country occupied a most honourable position. The geological survey of Great Britain—a grand work, commenced by the late Sir Henry De la Beche, and now carried on under the direction of Sir Roderick Murchison—gained the gold medal. The like honour was accorded to the geological survey of France, by De Beaumont and Dufrenoy; as also to a similar map of Rhine Prussia and Westphalia, by Von Deeken. A still greater honour was awarded to Mr. Logan, for his geological map of Canada—a work of vast labour as well as of scientific skill, for which he received the gold medal, the Cross of the Legion of Honour, and subsequently was knighted by Queen Victoria. Finally, we cannot in justice pass over Mr. Mylne's geological map of London and its environs, a work so useful and suggestive in a sanitary point of view, that a copy of it ought to be in the hands of every engineer, architect, and amateur engaged in building or in modifying the surface and underground arrangements of this great centre of population.

LIFE ON THE MACKENZIE RIVER.

THE immense territory stretching from Hudson's Bay to the Pacific Ocean, and from the northern boundaries of Canada to the coasts of the Arctic basin—but little inferior to Europe in extent—is a region of vast lakes comparable to inland seas, of rivers, torrents, swamps, and forests, with a similar proportion of naked plains intersected by as naked hills, often arranged in a wave-like form, as if an ocean had been suddenly petrified while heaving its huge billows under the influence of a strong and stormy gale. The dense forests occur in the southern part of this district. They contain various species of timber trees, but are principally of pines, which have often a withered, scorched, and blackened aspect. The spark from an Indian's pipe, or the unextinguished fire of a bivouac, has ignited the dry moss and grass beneath them in summer, and the winds have kindled a conflagration, which has blazed till quenched by the winter's snows. Further north, a few stunted spruce firs line the banks of the streams, or are spread in patches over sheltered spots, till, on gaining a higher latitude, the zone of the woods is left completely, and only low willow scrub appears in hollows on the borders of the icy sea. Throughout this region, the signs of winter are unmistakable in October, and continue till May; but they commence even earlier and last longer on the coasts than in the interior. The cold is so intense, that the thermometer falls to 50° and even 70° below zero. Lakes and streams, ten to twelve feet deep, are masses of hard ice to the bottom. Brandy freezes, mercury solidifies, flannel may be snapped like a biscuit, and ice is occasionally formed in the nostrils. The breath, congealing as it passes from the mouth, becomes audible in a sharp whirr, like a small escape of steam; while the inside of heated apartments is encrusted with a thick coating of rime, produced from the respiration of the inmates and the steam of their victuals. Instruments and other articles of metal cannot be touched with impunity by the naked hand out of

doors; for the skin will stick to them on contact, and precisely the same effect as burning one's fingers be produced. Similar punishment follows on incautiously drinking from tin panikins. The lips cleave to the metal, and painful excoriations are often caused in removing them. It is curious to witness the mobile mercury, when brought into the atmosphere from a higher temperature, yield to the potent cold, and reluctantly resign itself to rigidity. The quicksilver slowly contracts, a dull film overspreads it, and next a bright fluid appears at the surface, when its consistency is akin to that of dough. Then follows the final change to complete congelation. King Frost has the prey fairly in his gripe when the temperature of his finger ends is about 40°. The metal hardens, till the before restless, volatile, and dancing mercury is stiff as a corpse—an indurated solid.

Severe as is the season, it is not without its glory. There are gorgeous spectacles in the heavens which canopy the dreary landscape and solitary country. *Parhelia* by day, and *Paraselenae* by night are frequent, or mock suns and moons, with circles, arcs of circles, inverted or in a natural position, and horizontal bands, caused by the inflection of light from minute angular crystals of ice floating in the atmosphere. Then the *Aurora Borealis* adds its splendour to the visual variety, with an effect never witnessed in our own geographical position, or gladly would our population troop out of doors at midnight, and brave the bitterest blast to enjoy the spectacle. No language can adequately describe or pencil picture the phenomenon—its ever-varying phases, its fickle hues, its radiance, and its grandeur, rendered all the more imposing by the perfect mysteriousness of the cause.

"What fills with dazzling beams the illumined air?

What wakes the frames that lights the firmament?

The lightnings flash—there is no thunder there.

And earth and heaven with fiery sheets are blent;

The winter night now gleams with brighter, lovelier ray
Than ever yet adorned the golden summer's day.

Is there some vast, some hidden magazine,

Where the gross darkness flames of fire supplies?

Some phosphorous fabric which the mountains screen,

Whose clouds of light above those mountains rise?"

The arrival of migratory birds from the south heralds the approach of a more genial season; with an increase of temperature the snow melts. Pools of water are then formed on the lake and river ice, till the compact mass is itself broken up, the currents are again in motion, huge blocks passing along with the streams, grinding and hollowing out their banks. When impeded in their progress, they collect in enormous piles and form temporary dams, causing the obstructed waters to flood the adjoining country, till the barrier is removed by its natural dissolution. Upon the surface soil appearing, the ground is a universal swamp, but is gradually dried by drainage, in situations favourable to it, and by the increase of temperature. Summer comes at length, and though a briefer interval than the winter, it is rendered quite as distinct by its heat as the other season by its cold. Where the thermometer has fallen below zero, it often registers 84° in the shade and 100° in the sun, and by concentrating the solar rays on a black ground, a temperature as high as 112° may

be obtained. Where, too, exposed limbs would be certainly frost-bitten in winter, they as surely wince at the bites of mosquitoes and gad-flies in summer. The region is thus one of surprising extremes, as well as of sudden changes; for the seasonal transitions are effected with marvellous rapidity, and the weather is subject to the most capricious variations. Thick fogs prevail for weeks after splendid sunshine, rain is sometimes abundant with a serene sky, and the sun will occasionally burst forth in the midst of the heaviest showers.

Such are the physical characteristics of the territory. Its human occupiers consist of Esquimaux, thinly sprinkled along the shores of the Arctic Ocean; Indians, of various tribes, sparingly scattered through the interior; and the officers and servants of the Hudson's Bay Company. The latter are for the most part Scotch, and chiefly Orkney-men, with French Canadians and half-breeds, the progeny of a mixed European and Indian parentage. They are stationed at isolated and far-asunder posts or forts, often amid dense forests and cheerless solitudes, with the wolf and bear prowling in the neighbourhood, ranging to the distance of three and four thousand miles from York Factory, the head-quarters of the Company on Hudson's Bay. The officers are either chief factors, who superintend the business of a district, in which there are several posts, with one of superior pretensions for a kind of capital, but sufficiently rough and homely; or traders who barter with the Indians for skins; or clerks, who keep an account of all transactions. The servants perform the miscellaneous menial labour requisite, as cutting wood, drawing home provisions on sledges, and transporting furs. The latter service involves labour of the severest description; for the difficulties of mountain and forest, torrent and shallow, have to be encountered and overcome, while the extremes of cold, heat, and privation are experienced. From the remote stations it requires nearly a twelvemonth to convey the goods to York Factory, from whence they are shipped for England. The furs are made up in closely-pressed packs, the smaller and finer skins—as those of the musk-rats, martens, and otters—being placed in the inside, and inclosed by those of the wolf, bear, and reindeer. In winter they are drawn on sledges to the nearest point from which water-carriage can be obtained in spring; and upon the rivers becoming open, they are placed in boats, which can only advance through immense distances by being dragged along; while at the rapids, goods and boats have to be transported on the backs of the men, to a point of the stream above the embarrassed locality.

The forts vary as to the number of persons attached to them, according to their importance; and their accommodations hinge upon the same circumstance, as well as upon their distance from the borders of civilized life. They are commonly constructed of roughly-hewn pine logs, of large dimensions, interstices being plastered with mud, the universal substitute for mortar. The roofs are composed of flat layers of sticks and moss; while light is admitted through casements of parchment, which is repaired, when rent, with scraps of paper. As to interior furniture, there is

neither sofa, ottoman, nor easy chair, though the inmates are not always bachelor Scotchmen. The bedsteads are branches of pine, the unadorned work of the axe; the chairs are stools, made out of huge single blocks; the tables are similarly made, and massive; while a most miscellaneous assortment of articles may be observed here and there, consisting of guns, blankets, skins, kettles, horns, coffee-pots, pemmican tins and fishing-lines, with the woodman's and carpenter's implements. Yet the persons in charge of these primitive dwellings are gentlemen in manners, feeling, and intelligence; and at one of them—Fort Macpherson—the most northerly, a Scotch bride arrived in the winter of 1842, to commence the duties of married life amid the ice and snow of the Arctic zone. The northern district of the Company's territory, which includes the basin of the Mackenzie River, has Fort Simpson on its banks for the head station; in latitude 61°, that of the Great Slave Lake. Further north in succession are Fort Norman, on the Bear river; Fort New Franklin, at the south extremity of the Great Bear Lake; Fort Good Hope, on the Mackenzie, under the Arctic circle; Fort Confidence, at the north extremity of the Bear Lake; and Fort Macpherson, on the Peel River, an affluent of the Mackenzie. The natives of the district are the Loucheux, or Quarrellers, the Hare, Rat, Dog-rib, and Strong-bow Indians, with the Esquimaux of the coast.

There is little variety of food at these remote stations. Flour, bread, tea, and sugar—European importations—are articles of extreme luxury, owing to the difficulty of transport through such an immense distance and wild country. A certain quantity of these and other domestic stores is annually forwarded from York Factory; but in order to make the allowance last, it must be consumed in homœopathic portions, or reserved as a treat for Sundays. Fish is a main article of diet, summer and winter, prepared in almost every conceivable method—boiled and roasted, dried, smoked, and cured. There are fish soups and fish cakes, with “fish, fish, fish” in a variety of phases, somewhat taxing to ingenuity to invent. Summer fare includes fresh buffalo, reindeer, and elk flesh, with rabbits and other smaller animals, usually obtained with little effort, and in great abundance. Winter fare comprises fresh bear and beaver meat occasionally; but pemmican, or dried buffalo and reindeer flesh, requiring vigorous mastication, is the ordinary dish, as the animals can then be rarely captured, having retired from the wind-swept plains to the shelter of distant woods. Two meals a day—at ten o'clock in the morning, and between four and six in the afternoon—are the usual repasts. Lieutenant Hooper, who wintered at Fort New Franklin in 1849-50, in his account of the sojourn, mentions the very remarkable fact of the rabbits throughout the whole region being subject to periodical conditions of increase and reduction in their numbers. They overrun the country in astonishing quantities at one period, gradually lessen annually, until very few can be caught; then, having arrived at their minimum, they gradually increase, until the animals become as abundant as before. These cycles of progress and decay comprehend an interval of about eight or

ten years. Several causes have been assigned for this extraordinary ebb and flow of life. Some assert that the rabbits migrate at regular intervals, to avoid the merciless persecutions of their many enemies—the lynx, wolf, fox, marten, and ermine. Others refer the circumstance to the periodical visitation of an epidemic. However this may be, the fluctuation has an important effect upon the fur trade. In the year succeeding that when the rabbits are most plentiful, the fur-bearing animals, whose prey they become, are most abundant, while the year following that of their greatest decrease is the most deficient in its supply of furs.

Plenty in summer, amounting to even wasteful abundance, often alternates at the isolated northern posts with absolute scarcity and positive famine in winter, owing to the migration of the larger animals, and failure in the arrival of customary supplies. Frightful crimes have been committed by the Indians to assuage the pangs of hunger; and even the whites—French Canadians and half-castes—have been driven to cannibalism by the pressure of the same dire necessity. During the winter of 1845, the Company's people at Fort Good Hope were short of provisions, and the Indians in the neighbourhood were on the verge of starvation. One night the persons in charge of the station heard the blows of the axe in the lodges around the Fort, by which the weaker were killed, in order to be devoured. Two express-men—one Scotch and the other a native of the Orkneys—who were proceeding with letters to Fort Macpherson, met with a party of starving savages, who stole upon them in the night, murdered, and ate them, along with their provisions. While Lieutenant Hooper was at New Fort Franklin, an old Indian hunter was located there who had several times sustained life by feeding upon the corpses of those who had perished from famine, among whom were included his own parents, one wife, and the children of two. On one occasion this man made his appearance at Fort Norman to solicit food, and had, at the same time, the hands of his brother-in-law in his game-bag! At Fort Simpson there was another Indian, named Geero, who, according to report, had assisted in the consumption of eighteen individuals, and was said to prefer human flesh to any other kind of food. The lieutenant, being desirous of going off for a few days into the woods to find reindeer or moose, wished to have Geero for his companion and guide; but the Indian refused the service, and, on being pressed for a reason, he frankly told the interpreter that he did not dare to trust himself with any one alone in the woods, as he might be tempted to treat himself to a repast of his much-esteemed fare! The officer did not further solicit the honour of his company.

Some of the tribes, as the Slaves and Dogribbs, are indifferent to these horrors; but others are less callous, and regard with abhorrence those who overcome a period of exigency by such revolting means. In the spring of the year 1850, which followed a terribly trying winter, an Indian of the Beaver tribe came to Dunvegan Fort, but refused to exchange greetings with the persons in charge of the post. When asked the reason of his unfriendly demeanour, he replied: "I am not worthy

to shake hands with men; I am no longer a man, for I have eaten man's flesh. It is true I was starving, was dying of hunger, but I cannot forgive myself. The thought of the act is killing me, and I shall die soon, and with contentment; for although I still exist, I cannot any longer consider myself a human being."

Such are some phases of life on the Mackenzie River, sufficiently painful and forbidding. Yet has it features of interest to hardy, adventurous spirits—the buffalo hunt, the bear chase, the capture of the fur-bearing animals, and the traffic with the Indians—which prevent monotony and offer excitement. This wild kind of occupation, together with certain remuneration and the prospect of rising in the Company's service, induces an adequate number of our countrymen to forego for a season the domestic comforts to which so much importance is attached at home, and doggedly endure the solitariness, desolation, fatigue, cold, and perils of a sojourn in the northern wilds of the western world. Nor is there perhaps to be found a more striking example of hardihood and energy, in the search after commercial prosperity, than is afforded by the officers and servants of the Hudson's Bay Fur Trading Company at the remoter outposts, who live through half the year with a temperature below zero, and deem themselves fortunate if twice in a twelvemonth they hear a little of what is going on in merry England.

HAVE I BEEN LED BY THE SPIRIT OF GOD,

*To feel that I, by nature, am a child of sin and death?
To mourn that I have gone astray e'er since I drew my breath?
To make a true confession, that I merit endless woe?
To fight against the world, and flesh, and my Satanic foe?
To trust alone in Jesu's blood, so freely shed for me?
To see, by faith, that all my sins he bore upon the tree?
To take him as my righteousness, my title to the skies?
To view him as my only and atoning sacrifice?
To own the Lord of Glory, as my Prophet, Priest, and King?
To talk of his salvation, and delight his love to sing?
To speak of his Divinity—believing he is God?
To yield unfeigned obedience, and to tread the path he trod?
To practise self-denial, and to bear my daily cross?
To love the dear Redeemer and "count all things else but dross?"
To rest in all the promises, receiving them by faith?
To search the Scriptures prayerfully, to see what Jesus saith?
To bow to all his wise decrees, and suffer all his will?
To hear in tribulation's hour, his whisper, "Peace, be still!"
To prove myself a fruitful branch of Christ, the living vine?
To grow in grace, and knowledge too, and in his image shine?
To wash my robes in Jesu's blood, and feel my sins forgiven?
To pray for holiness of heart, and rendered meet for heaven?
To feed by faith, with thankfulness, on Christ the heavenly bread?
To seek a closer union, with him my living Head?
To manifest an active zeal, to circulate his word?
To be "always abounding in the work of Christ my Lord?"
To strive by every lawful means to benefit mankind?
To show, in all I say and do, a meek and heavenly mind?*

COMING TO CONSCIENCE.

A MINISTER was about to leave his own congregation for the purpose of visiting London, on what was by no means a pleasant errand—to beg on behalf of his place of worship. Previous to his departure, he called together the principal persons connected with his charge, and said to them, "Now I shall be asked, whether we have conscientiously done all that we can for the removal of this debt; what answer am I to give? Brother So-and-so, can you in conscience say that you have?" "Why, sir," he replied, "if you come to conscience, I don't know that I can." The same question he put to a second, and a third, and so on, and similar answers were returned, till the whole sum required was subscribed, and there was no longer any need of their pastor's wearing out his soul coming to London on any such unpleasant excursion.